

# MARBLE HILL PRESS.

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No. 13.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

[If Crooked creek ever runs down so that the mails can cross we will have more correspondence on hand than can be used in a month. Last week "Shaun Blue's" letter was unaccountably delayed, but we give our readers a paragraph or two of it, anyhow, just to show them that he has lost none of his snap and vigor. Letters from Leopold, Glen Allen and other places are stopped by high water and we are as mad as—well, never mind how mad; but we are going to get "Citizen" or "Voter" or "Taxpayer" or "Vox Populi" or any other man to have that creek bridged if—we can.]

### LEOPOLD.

The hot weather continues. Wheat thrashing is a thing of the past with us.

Merchant Matthews has been very sick, but is improving.

In "multiplication, addition and silence" Tomgreen's way up—now ain't he?

Philip Maloney, who has been in Scott county the last five months, is now with his family.

Uncle Jesse Phillips has added 16 to 1 onto the appearance of his place by the erection of a lot of new piling.

The Glen Allen Distilling company's thrashing machine has been through here and our wheat is safely housed.

John Newel has a cow that was bitten by a rabid dog last week. So far she has exhibited no symptoms of hydrophobia.

At the rate Tomgreen is gouging the county I am afraid the promise to relieve it of debt is a long way from realization.

We are now in the midst of a mad dog scare, and several parties have shot their dogs to prevent further trouble and danger.

The pa'son would make a great clerk, I should think. As a measurer he'd be a fortune to a merchant without a conscience.

Rev. John E. Cox of Owensville, Ind., preached at the Flatwoods G. B. church, the evening of the 23d. The elder is a fine talker.

"The Kid" is being supplied with "sound" currency literature by Calvin Tompkins and James B. Mosby, and yet they say, "Don't agitate the silver question!"

Our daily mail system is in fine shape. We can now get The Press—the only newspaper published in the county—in good time and don't have to ask anybody for the latest news.

THE KID.

### SEGEWICKVILLE.

Cooler again. W. T. Wilson was on our streets last week.

T. B. Drum made a trip to Jackson last Thursday.

Dolph Mayer, formerly of Marble Hill, was in town Friday.

Rev. Walton is conducting a protracted meeting at this place.

F. E. Seabaugh and T. B. Drum represented this township at Marble Hill Saturday.

The prospect for corn in this vicinity is better than has been known for many years.

Charles Statler, who has been away from home two years, visited his parents last week.

The little daughter of Benjamin Statler was bitten by a copperhead snake last Sunday evening.

Old Uncle John S. Young, one of Bollinger county's oldest citizens, departed this life on the 23d inst.

John W. Fulbright has engaged to manage the farm of his sister, the widow of Stephen Moore, deceased.

John Adam Seabaugh is grinding apples and will soon be making brandy. And then won't the boys have a fine time?

Robert A. Crites of Oran, Scott county, visited his parents, near this place. He reports fine crop prospects in the lower counties.

I understand that John W. Limbaugh has exchanged his farm for one in Cape Girardeau county, near

Jackson, where he will make his home in the future.

### CLOSE OBSERVER.

#### SCOPE.

Health good. Corn crop wonderful fine.

There is some talk of a picnic at Scopus this month.

Our township was represented in the county convention last Saturday.

The Sitzes boys are running their thrashing outfit in this neighborhood.

Once in a while a gold standard republican makes a weak chirp, but it don't go.

D. M. Newel has put his sawmill in first-class order and is running it on full time.

Joe Long, who has been in Scott county some time, visited friends here this week.

Some of our young men say they are going to buy improved bicycles, to give their horses a rest, I suppose.

Fruit drying is now the order of the day and a number of improvements on the old style have been made.

H. B. Cole, one of our merchants, believes in the horse, and has just made a purchase and ordered a fine buggy.

Rev. John E. Cox of Owensville, Ind., preached to a large congregation at the General Baptist church last Monday evening.

"Open confession is 'soothing' to the soul." Jake Cook—Uncle Dan's Jake—came into our township meeting the other day and confessed that he voted the republican ticket last November; said his conscience had been a dead load to him ever since, and his vittles only made the bad taste in his mouth worse, and that if forgiven this time he will never try it again, or words to that effect. Of course we must take him back into the fold, for the poor fellow has suffered enough to expiate his foolishness.

### SUCCESS TO THE PRESS.

#### WILD BILL.

#### ZALMA.

Two or three back loads of Zalma people, your correspondent included, attended that exaggerated blow-out Ananias Green and some other fakirs tried to make a raise out of. Sam McMinn and Charley Watkins took their best girls, and a more thoroughly disgusted quartette has not been seen in this county. Sam was caught by the steam swing, and says if Ananias can be persuaded to trade he'll buy and rig it on to the mill.

One of the prominent features of the republican campaign last fall was a great "roar" about the way in which petit and grand jurors were selected. They accused the democratic court of selecting democrats only to serve as jurors, and promised that if they got in power they would select as many democrats as republicans in making up juries. I want to ask readers of THE PRESS to glance over the list which has been selected and see if there are not nine republicans and only three democrats on the grand jury, and eighteen republican and six democratic petit jurors. And these nine democrats, I understand, voted the republican ticket last November almost as it was printed. Will some intelligent republican rise and explain this awkward blunder (?) to the people of the county?

### SHAUN BLUE.

#### Georgia Watermelons.

Georgia has a watermelon poet who is probably subsidized by the state, and he is making an earnest effort to earn his salary, says a correspondent of the Chicago Record.

Everybody knows him. He waves a flag or executes a flourish, figuratively speaking, to attract attention, and then breaks into his siren song about the Georgia watermelon. He unfolds a tantalizing picture of the old spring house, with three or four watermelons thrust into the cool depths of the running water. He gaily beckons while he brings a melon and cuts it.

I have read his poems, and I've

gone straight and bought a Georgia watermelon and tried to eat it. Before I was entirely well again—still convalescing—I have read another poem and have gone and bought another watermelon.

Everybody knows what the Georgia watermelon is. It is the tough, leathery result of long years of careful selection and breeding, with the aim of getting a product that is indestructible. It is said to have a slight cross of pumpkin blood in it, but it will ripen only on a side-track. It will stand more hard knocks than a hardware drummer's sample cases. This is one reason for its great popularity with the trade; it is safe goods to handle if not carried over more than two seasons.

The victim of the Georgia watermelon habit after each relapse resolves that he will never buy another, but after awhile he is lulled into forgetfulness, and may be he happens to read one of the poems I have referred to, and concludes to take one more chance.

It is all a delusion and a mistake in principle. You may recline in luxury and order this and that, but you cannot command a good watermelon. To obtain that you will have to make the journey yourself. A good watermelon cannot be shipped a long distance on a railroad, neither will it long retain its quality under any conditions.

#### HISTORICAL LIES.

There was never such a person as Pope Joan, the so-called female pontiff.

William Tell did not found the Swiss confederation, and the story of Gessler has no historical basis.

The "Man in the Iron Mask" did not wear a mask of iron. It was black velvet secured by steel springs.

The wonderful Damascus blades that cut bars of iron in two were not superior to the Toledo blades made to-day.

Seneca was not a half-Christian philosopher, but a grasping money-lender and usurer, who died worth over \$3,000,000.

Cesar did not say "Et tu, brute!" Eye-witnesses to the assassination devised that "he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf."

Charlemagne's paladins had no existence and the history of the king himself is so clouded by myths as to be wholly unreliable.

Wellington, at Waterloo, did not say: "Up, guards, and at 'em!" The words were put into his mouth by an imaginative writer.

Richard III. was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretensions to good looks, and great personal strength and courage.

Augustus was not the public benefactor he is represented. He was the most exacting tax collector the Roman world had up to his time ever seen.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round table is still to be seen in a south of England town.

Cochontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century.

Marcus Scaevola never put his hand in the fire. The story was a fabrication of a Roman historian hundreds of years after the supposed time.—Chicago News.

#### HELP YOUR PASTOR.

"A minister who is worthy of the name can stand an empty purse better than an empty pew or an empty prayer meeting. It is a disgrace that failure to pay an honest salary should straiten a pastor's purse; but the spiritual emptiness afflicts his heart the most keenly. Perhaps your pastor is wondering what has become of you on the evenings of devotional meetings. The better man or woman you are the more you are missed; the worst you are the more need to go. It may be that your pastor is disheartened by the emptiness of your pew on the Sabbath. He has carefully prepared a discourse for your benefit; you have lost it; both he and you suffered from that absence. For one, I am ready to confess that I never made any converts to the truth in an empty pew, and never have delivered a sermon loud enough to awaken a parishioner who was dozing at home, or scolded off to some other church. If a good reason keeps you at home, try to send a substitute; invite some friend who solemnly dedicates the gospel to go and occupy your seat; your minister gets a hearer, and the hearer may get what will save his soul. Church members sometimes complain that their minister does not 'draw' a larger congregation; yet they do nothing to draw outsiders to the house of God by a cordial invitation to come. Help your pastor to fill the house."—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

#### ODE TO THE "OLD WOMAN."

Don't you remember sweet Alice, old man? Sweet Alice, who lived long ago. Who wore skirts and ruffles, bonnets and curls, And always had smiles and a bean? We liked her much in those days, old man—The days only few can remember, Before women became new and men were old. And we always knew a he from a her.

We may have become old-fashioned, old man: We may be of the time long ago. But I long for the days of bonnets and curls. When skirts reached to boots and below. Alice was one of that sort, old man: You remember her—so modest and neat. She never wore bloomers nor rode on a bike. And did not buy margins on wheat.

But in all this there is comfort, old man— Comfort for me and for you. I am glad I was young when women were old. And old when women are new.

The boys of to-day may be pined, old man: To them ignorance only is bliss. While you and I can never forget The thrill of an "old woman's" kiss. —M. Allen Eddy.

#### EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Everybody spotted them for a bridal couple as they landed at the Erie depot in Jersey City, and there was a good deal of winking and nodding among the passengers on the ferry boat crossing to New York. The bride, who was a country girl of 20, was very uneasy and evidently much put out, but the groom, who was two or three years older, didn't propose to be sat down on without showing his colors. He therefore walked straight up to a man who was grinning and winking and queried:

"Are you grinning at us, sir?" "Oh! no, no, no," replied the grinner as he instantly sobered up.

"Didn't know but you were. We were just married this morning and are going to spend a week in New York. Have you any objections to the marriage?"

"Of course not." "Any objections to the bridal tour?" "No, sir."

"You have seen newly wedded couples before haven't you?" kindly inquired the groom.

"Yes, a few," was the sheepish reply. "Didn't scare you out of our boots, I hope? Do you or any of your friends here want to ask any questions?"

The grinner was a very sober-looking man, now, and he had no reply to that.

"Because, if they do, now is the time, you know. If anybody's at all curious I'll give 'em our names, ages, where born, how brought up, politics, religion, etc., and add that it was a case of love at first sight and neither of us had any money to speak of. Did you say—?"

No, the grinner didn't say. He was out of sight before the groom had gotten that far, and for some reason there was no more smiling and nodding among the other passengers.

"Well, Tillie," said the husband, as he looked all around and then sat down beside the blushing bride. "I thought the crowd wanted to know all about us, and I was willing to explain, but it seems I was mistaken, and so I guess we'll land on the other side all right. Are you quite comfortable, dear? Have a gum drop and then lay your dear sunny head on your hubby-dubby's manly shoulder!"—E. A.

#### PARTICULAR IN HIS WANTS.

Just before reaching the North Carolina line I came upon a squatter's cabin, with the squatter himself smoking his pipe at the door, and when I turned in to ask him for a gourd of spring water he cheerfully called out:

"Howdy stranger; what's the news?" "Well, it looks like war in Europe," I answered, as I sat down beside him.

"I don't keer nuthin' 'bout Yurup—what else?" he replied.

"They think the cholera may reach us this year."

"Dod rot the cholera! Hain't 'thar nuthin' more?"

"Perhaps you have heard about the great coal mine disaster in England?" I asked.

"No, and I don't want'er."

"But you asked for news."

"Sartin I did, and I want news. I want'er know if the price of terbacker has riz. I want'er know what moonshine whiskey is worth down in Knoxville. I want'er know if you'n has met up with 'anybody who has killed one o' them dodd rotten reneved felers lately. I want'er know why in sin the owner of this onery patch o' land don't cum down yere and drive me off and rouse up my pestiferous ambition to get a move on me! If you've got that sorter news, stranger, spit 'er out and make me happy. If you hain't, why, jog along to Bill White's place and leave me to suck this old pipe and keep on with my tittokin'!"—M. Quail, in Detroit Free Press.

## SOUTHEAST NEWS.

Jackson Comet: Buck Brown was found dead by the road-side near the Clover Hill school house, three miles east of Jackson, Wednesday about 12:30 o'clock. It is supposed that he died from heart disease, as he complained of heart trouble. Mr. B. was well known in Jackson and vicinity and had many friends.

John C. Adams of Tennessee, who enlisted in the confederate army in the sixties at the age of seventeen, and was with Marmaduke, called at our office last Thursday and talked freely of Jackson and her people thirty-five years ago. This is his first visit to this county since sixty-three, when he was serving as a boy soldier. Mr. Adams makes a good impression and has the appearance of a hero.

Last Friday, while Joe Call was moving his engine, the toes of his right foot caught in the cogs. The engine was stopped, but his toes were ground up and his foot fastened. His leg was thrown against the boiler, burning the flesh badly.

James Fulbright, while feeding a thrashing machine on George Baerlinger's farm last Friday, got too hot, from which he came very near dying that night. Medical aid was secured and last accounts he was doing well.

Julius Smith was riding a fast horse at a rapid rate near Oak Ridge last Sunday, when the horse ran over a cow and fell. Julius' head struck an obstruction which made an ugly wound. It is feared the skull is fractured.

On last Thursday night some one (or ones) broke into August Ude's store at New Wells and helped themselves to candy, several suits of clothes and carried away most all his knives, 300 copper cents and \$3 in nickels. No clue to the robbery.

Little Martin Bean, a 13-year-old son of Louis Bean at Gordonville, while bathing in Hubble creek near that place last Sunday, ventured too far in deep water. His companions ran up town for help. Before he could be rescued he drowned.

Farmington Times: Judge C. L. Clark of Liberty township, an account of whose fatal accident was published in the Times of last week, died on Saturday, the 29th inst., from the effects of his injuries and was buried Sunday. Judge Clark was one of St. Francois county's best and most influential citizens; a man of honorable, upright character, strong convictions and conscientious purposes. He was well and favorably known throughout the country, having served with credit two terms as associate judge of the County court, and was greatly esteemed and loved in the community in which he lived and where he will be greatly missed.

Dunklin Democrat: Miss Della Caldwell of Bollinger county, sister of Attorney C. P. Caldwell, will teach the winter term of school on Johnson island. She was here last week.

Too much rain has fallen here within the past week for cotton; but the corn is not suffering. An old resident who has watched crops here for sixty-two years says that he never before saw such good prospects.

DeSoto Gazette: At the picnic given under the auspices of Trinity church Sunday school at Montesano the pastor of the Northern Methodist church of DeSoto, Rev. R. F. January, informed a group of auditors that there would soon be a bloody war all over the United States, that the Catholics were armed and were preparing to murder the Protestants and take possession of the government. Now, if that Christian minister is so weak-minded, misinformed and credulous as to believe that statement how can he impart wisdom to his flock? And if he does not believe a word of it, but merely made the statement in malice, how can he be expected to infuse the true spirit of Christianity into his flock?

At an adjourned term of the circuit court of Butler county Judge Wear fined Prosecuting Attorney Renfro \$50 for contempt and on failure to pay the fine the official was sent to jail. "Mr. Renfro 'talked back' to the court and the court sustained its dignity by imposing the fine."